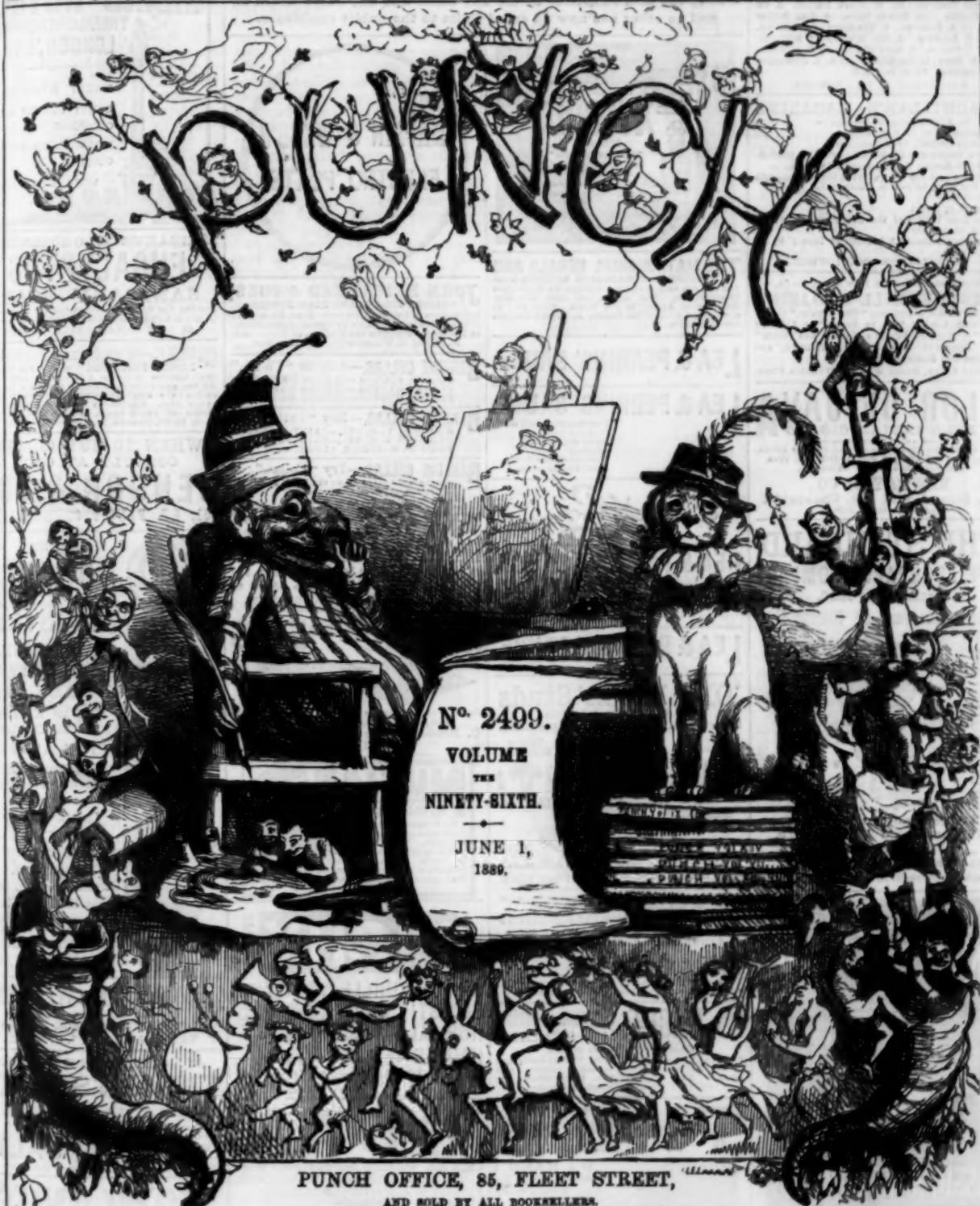


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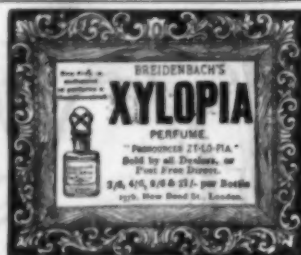
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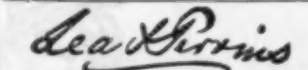


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ON COMMISSION.

May 21, 22, 23, and 24.—This may be called the Great O'BRIEN week, as the distinguished Irish journalist to whom I have referred has occupied the witness-box for nearly the whole period. And here let me say, that if my language has become a little more flowery than



"The Court then adjourned."

usual, it is due to the necessity, the desperate necessity, of having had to listen to the talented editor of *United Ireland* for a terrible—I had almost said a fatally-terrible number of hours. But there have been others who have shared with me the pleasant and yet all-but-entirely-distinctly-dead-certainly fatal labour. On Thursday, the bright star of Hawarden, that like the sweet soft secret voice of conscience rides through the thunder-clouds with an axe in his hand, an eagle's glance in his clarion-toned eyes, and the noble aspiration for the good of the Emerald Isle of the Sea, the land of the brave and the free, in his heart of hearts, was present. Mr. O'BRIEN has been so eloquent in denouncing the wrongs of Ireland, that Sir CHARLES RUSSELL and Mr. LOCKWOOD have evidently been touched to the quick, and as for Mr. GEORGE LEWIS (who has sat beside the eminent Counsel to whom I have just referred), it appeared to me, that it was all that experienced lawyer could do to restrain from a burst of passionate weeping. But here, as the occasion seems to lend itself to treatment in a dramatic form, I take the opportunity of subjoining a slight sketch, which I need scarcely say, is as unlike the real thing as it is possible to be. And I distinctly declare that no one who has been in Court will venture to doubt the assertion.

Court full. Three Commissioners all awake. Distinguished personages in various quarters—some with opera-glasses, others with luncheon baskets. Counsel for defence gradually recovering from extreme agitation caused by a recent description of the wrongs of Ireland. Messrs. MURPHY and ATKINSON busy collecting proofs. ATTORNEY-GENERAL rises to cross-examine.

The Attorney-General (lifting seat and leaning on back of desk of Junior Bar). I think you have just said it is one o'clock?

Witness (in a low tone). If you allow me, I will explain. It is my decided and eternally expressed impression, that were the material products of a metaphysical atmosphere to be placed in juxtaposition (in a louder tone as he warms to his subject) to the rents of a self-governed country, the result would be unquestionably chaos!

The A.-G. (looking sideways at someone in the jury-box, absently). I must repeat my question. I think, you have said it is one o'clock?

Mr. Lockwood (interposing). Really the Witness ought to be allowed to explain?

A.-G. (addressing the Court in a distressed but dignified tone). I think I have put a plain question, and am not in fault. (Mr. LOCKWOOD throws an appealing glance to their Lordships, suggestive of a desire to say more, much more, which is only restrained by the haunting dread of seeing himself too frequently reported in the newspapers). I really must ask for a plain answer. (Puckering up his face into wrinkles, and looking earnestly at Witness). You said it is one o'clock?

Witness (at bay). Well, well, well! I may have said it! But I must explain the circumstances under which I said it.

A.-G. (continuing examination). Was it one o'clock?

Witness (excitedly). I ask if this is fair! (Emphatically.) I have no sort of wish, or kind of wish, or description of wish to conceal anything. But when I admit that I said it was one o'clock, I wish to draw a distinction between one o'clock and 12'45.

A.-G. (looking with half-closed eyes). Do you approve of 12'45?

Witness (rising abruptly from his chair, and speaking with great excitement). No, a thousand times No! I say—and I do not wish to detract one iota from the circumstantial necessity of a tyrant-composed delegation of artistic sensibilities—that it is the right of a free nation to peruse the persecutions of an alien dynasty, and thus cut itself off from the desperately dangerous chains of a wretched combination of acrimonious atoms! I do not know if this view of the subject is (with great force) right in law—but it appears to me (in a lower tone) to be entirely in accordance with the highest and most noble dictates of (lowering his voice to a whisper) superhuman domestic economy!

A.-G. But you admit that you said it was one o'clock?

Witness (putting his hand to his head). I really do not know—it may have been.

A.-G. But I must press you upon this matter (holding up his hand to silence Mr. MURPHY, who is venturing upon a suggestion). Do you not know, Sir—Yes or No—that it was one o'clock?

Witness (starting to his feet). I say that your question is not fair. I say that when the ride is in the hand of the desperado, the patient fowler listens to the frightfully horrible music of the horn of the hunter with dismay!

A.-G. (pursing his brows). But surely—

Mr. Lockwood (interrupting). I really must ask that the Witness may explain himself in his own fashion. (The ATTORNEY-GENERAL and Mr. ATKINSON consult together, while Witness heaves an audible sigh). I am the last person in the world, my Lords, to put myself unduly forward, but—

The President. I think that the question should be answered.

(Mr. LOCKWOOD respectfully subdues, and devotes several minutes of earnest study to the completion of a half-finished caricature.)

A.-G. (with weary satisfaction at having overcome preliminary difficulties). And now, Sir, will you please say whether you declared it was one o'clock?

Witness (after a short pause for consideration). Yes, I did. (Interrupting the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who is about to put another question.) But allow me to say, that you must remember all the terribly horrible circumstances of the distinctly desperate case. Let me give an example. (With intense determination.) Yes, I will give an example! When JULIUS CÆSAR first invaded England, it is said that he asked for some oysters, and BOADICEA, who was then in revolt—

A.-G. (plaintively appealing to the Bench). Surely, my Lords, this is foreign to this issue?

The President (mildly). Well, it is a little far afield, but perhaps I may say—

(Accidentally glances at clock, which points to half-past one. His Lordship pauses, and joyfully calls the attention of his Brethren to the welcome fact. The Three Commissioners rise. General movement, and exeunt nearly everyone to lunch.)

And as this seems a suitable point for breaking off in my Note, I drop my pen, and seek a refresher myself.

Pump-handle Court. (Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUNIOR.

"WAIT FOR THE WAGGON!"

OH, who would not ride in a nice Caravan?
For a holiday outing this surely's the plan!
There's a boldness about it, a dash, and a novelty,
Which really should make us the travelling hovel try.
Like the snail, you will carry your house where you go,
And your progress may also be snailishly slow;
What matter? For thus you obtain ample leisure
To observe either Nature or Man at your pleasure.
You need not depend on a landlady's lodgings,
Or diurnally note her financial dodgings;
Then you are not confined to a single vicinity,
But can choose just the places with which you've affinity.
You can see the sun rise—if the rain is not falling—
And you'll know the delights of a Waggon-man's calling.
At night-time, when tired, how pleasant 'twill be
To unharness, and feed, and rub down your Gee-gee!
If asleep, you enjoy quite a rollicking feeling
When the rain has come in through a crack in the ceiling.
Though the van-man, if hungry, it certainly riles
To hear there's no shop within twenty-five miles.
You can cook for yourself—handle kettle and pan;
Oh, who would not invest in a nice Caravan?

WELL THOUGHT OUT.—Mr. CAPPER in conjunction with Mr. RUTLAND have recently been giving an entertainment, of which the former has certainly contributed the most amusing and interesting portion. Mr. CAPPER undertakes to discover a murder which only exists in the imagination of the would-be murderer. This he accomplishes very successfully. It seems, therefore, almost a pity that this accomplished gentleman is not attached to Scotland Yard, where his services in the Criminal Investigation Department appear to be needed, and might be of considerable value. If he was successful in finding out the perpetrator of the Whitechapel atrocities, everybody would take off their hats and "cap" CAPPER.

MUSICAL NOTES.



Seen your Sara's 'Earty? (Signor Saraste!)



"Bird's Morning Concert."

SANDY TAKES THE FLOOR!

A Song of the Scotch Local Government Bill. (Some way after Sir Walter Scott.)



PIRROCH of DONNEL DHU,
Piper of pipers,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Scare Saxon vipers!
Come away! come away!
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array
Into the Commons!

Come with the swagger
Of ARGYLE the cocky.
The war-pipe will stagger
The Unionists rocky.
Work chanter and reed,
Like that marvellous man,
MACPHAIRSON CLOUGLOCKETTY
ANGUS M'CLAN!

Leave untended the "links"
For the Commons' wild welter;
The SPEAKER e'en shrinks,
As you go it a pelter.
As the great MAE you near,
Your form enlarges,
Suggestive of fighting-gear,
Broadsword and targes.

SANDY now takes the floor,
Faith, and he fills it.
"Progress" shall be no more
Unless he wills it.
Out, patient JOHN, and out
PAT the belated!
Scots for their turn about
O'er long have waited.

Pheugh! How St. Stephen's
shakes
At the pipes' humming!
Fresh frae the Land o' Cakes
SANDY is coming.
Drones and bag do not lag;
Groaners and screamers,
Go it! High waves the flag,
Wide fly the streamers!
Here is no stolid BULL,
Pig-in-poke taking;
Here's no Hibernian dull,
Shindy awaking.
He'll make BALFOUR look blue,
Tories he'll scatter.
Pibroch of DONNEL DHU!
That's what's the matter!
Play up, my piper bold!
SANDY, ye'll try 'em,
When this wild tune you hold,
"De die in diem."

Woe's them, if they should shirk,
Or shape shams hollow!
Wild work with blade and dirk
Pibrochs may follow.

Come as Scotch feet come, when
Dancing is forward;
Come, as the chieftains come, when
Golf-streams flow nor'ward.

Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster!
Show Tory benches dumb,
SANDY's their master.

Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Twangle-twee! tootle-tum!
House smacks of heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your
blades!

Scots are a graun' set.
Pibroch of what's-its-name.
Sound for the onset!

PURELY PERSONAL—AN EVENING OUT;

Or, the Latest Development of Good Taste as understood by the "Society"
Gossip-monger.

MRS. FIZZLETON SKIPPINGS' much-talked-of dance came off with immense *éclat* at her spacious and commodious mansion in Battersea Fields yesterday evening, and everything, from the strip of carpet unrolled at the front door, to the tripe-and-onions—a perfect dream, served at the sideboard at supper with the champagne, JONSON & Co.'s *Cuvée Réserve Grand Vin*, 1889, 23s. the dozen—was as perfect as the most exacting guests of the ever-provident and economically-minded hostess who furnished the entertainment could possibly have desired. In an alcove on the half-landing a delightful rustic effect had been attempted, with the aid of three pots of mignonette and a dimly smoking petroleum lamp; but it was not till the drawing-room was reached, and the ear caught the strains of the inspiring dance-music furnished by the harp and cornet, whose services had been secured for the entire evening, regardless of expense, from the public-house round the corner, that the princely though judicious character of the whole entertainment could be fully appreciated.

As might have been expected, none but the very smartest people were present. Among the earliest arrivals was Lady SHUFFLEBURY, strikingly attired in a ditch-coloured *peignoir*, supported by her husband, who had on a hired dress suit, and wore a magnificent button-hole of second-hand *Orebids*, and her five elderly but sprightly daughters, who, in their pretty emerald-green *directoire* frocks, trimmed with *ruches* of sacking of *charbonne de terre au naturel*, created quite a sensation, and were much stared at. Mrs. MACHOOZLE, in a *redingote* of rich orange brocade, out square and looped in front with *asperges en branche*, with a single Spanish onion on the shoulder, who brought a plain little niece with her in pepper and salt, also created much astonishment. Lady POPPINS looked magnificent in a brand new wig, and was severely mobbed.

Commerce was adequately represented by Mrs. OMULLIGAN SLICKERS, the wife of the well-known Millionaire Pork King, who simply blazed with imitation jewellery; her tiara, necklace, corsage, and stomacher so glistening with inferior Birmingham paste, that she was followed by an eager crowd, and had eventually to be roped off in a corner of the back drawing-room by the host himself, amidst the ill-suppressed sneers of the inquisitive on-lookers. Count ROOSTER, the noted Dutch *savant*, who came in a faded second-hand Windsor uniform, created much diversion by its evident misfit, and was fairly hallooed round the room, while the Countess, in a plum-coloured Pompadour, relieved with a *ruching* of mashed tomatoes *chiffonné*, with large bunches of variegated double hollyhock over a *bouillonné* skirt of rich amber bed-curtain, was admitted on all hands to be one of the sensations of the evening.

The Cotillon was perhaps the most characteristic feature of the entertainment. The presents, which consisted of cocked hats for the gentlemen, and fans for the ladies, made of back numbers of various newspapers, created at first some little disappointment; but great *terre* and go were suddenly thrown into the proceedings, owing to the greengrocer, who had come to wait, but had helped himself somewhat plentifully to the champagne on the sly, forcing his way into the drawing-room, and, seizing upon Lady POPPINS, insisting on joining in the final *galop* with her. Some little confusion was caused in the departure, owing to the gas having been suddenly cut off at the main by the Company for arrears; but, with the assistance of a few local policemen, the guests were eventually got safely out of the premises, and the general verdict seemed to be that Mrs. FIZZLETON SKIPPINGS had provided her numerous friends with a unique and remarkable entertainment.



REACTION.

Indignant Citizen (who had expected great things of the London County Council after the extinction of the Metropolitan Board of Works and the abolition of the Wine and Coal Dues,—receives an application for Rates, amounting to 2s. 8½d. in the pound). "D—! D—!! D—!!!"

TO THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER.

"This is not my first visit to England, so I know my way about some."—
Mr. Robert G. Lincoln.

LOWELL and PHELPS were two splendid men,
Whom Mr. Punch honoured with pencil and pen:
To part with them was not too pleasant to think on,
But here's a new link with COLUMBIA in LINCOLN!
Welcome! Were't but for the sake of your father,
Know your way round about England, Sir? Rather!
And where you do not, trust friend Punch to instruct you;
He goes everywhere, and will gladly conduct you.
Your health in a bumper from Punch and the nation,
And long may you stay at the U. S. Legation!

PUFFS BY THE TRADE WINDS.—Where is the "PEARS' Soap Beauty" Show, for which Mr. HOWARD PAUL was so busily collecting specimens some months ago? Is it that "there be none of Beauty's daughters" who will come forward? *A propos* of PEARS, this is an age of Centenaries. Is RIMMEL's old enough to celebrate his acentenary? Also PIERRE with Honour?

Solatium.

MR. BOTTOMLEY FIRTH stirs Conservative mirth
By taking a snug and well-paid little berth;
But he knows that his critics will tire of the jeer
Before he will tire of Two Thousand a Year.
Though they do try to prove—what a sad waste of breath—
That in this instance berth means (political) death.

EH, MR. GOSCHEN?—A fruitful and—as yet—untapped source of revenue might be found in putting a stiff tariff on poetical licences. Ask ex-Lord Mayor J. T. SULLIVAN, the Irish Tyrtæus.

PIECES WITH HONOURS.

WHAT *Doris* will be after it has run a few hundred nights it would be rash to predict, but probably a tremendous, overpowering success. It goes uncommonly well at present, thanks to the singers, especially Messrs. BEN DAVIES and HAYDEN COFFIN, whose personal popularity is invaluable to the Opera. The women are not strong, except Miss ALICE BARNETT, the Eiffel Tower lady, with very little to do, but that little is capitally done. The First Act is decidedly good; the plot so far being interesting, and the situations dramatic, or humorous, as the case may be. Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, too, is funny, and, in fact, the First Act has so much "go" in it—including a charming song, admirably sung



Barnett Payne; or, Une Vraie Madame Eiffel taking Master Ben Davies and Miss Annie Albion out for a walk.

by Mr. BEN DAVIES—that the other two Acts have a hard time of it, and appear to beeked out with ballet and spectacle. How it happened that so witty a playwright as Mr. STEPHENSON came to grief in the story and the dialogue, probably only the author himself can explain.

Mr. ALFRED CELLIER's music here and there is pretty enough, but why enter into competition with Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN by introducing a Chorus in the costume of *The Yeomen of the Guard* at the Savoy, of which the only *raison d'être* ought to be its originality, but which really is a copy, conscious or unconscious, of the composer's own Wooden-legged Pensioners' Chorus in the *Sultan of Mocha*, which was invented, as far as I recollect, to show that the Old Men's Chorus in *Faust*, and the Conspirators' Chorus in *Madame Angot* were not to have it all their own way. The Beefeaters' Chorus goes for nothing, and deservedly so. I hear that all sorts of permutations, combinations and alterations have been made since I saw it, and are even now in process of rehearsal. If Mr. HAYDEN COFFIN and Mr. BEN DAVIES had each another good popular song, I have little doubt but that the run of *Doris* would rival that of *Dorothy*.

The *mise-en-scène* reflects the greatest credit on the Stage Manager, Mr. CHARLES HARRIS, the Scene-painters, CRAVEN, TELDEN and RYAN, the Costumiers, and the artful Designer, M. LUCIEN BESCHE. What a first-rate Comic Opera might be constructed out of *Paul Jones* and *Doris* amalgamated, with Miss HUNTINGDON and the Ladies of the Prince of Wales's, and retaining the services of Messrs. BEN DAVIES and HAYDEN COFFIN. ARTHUR WILLIAMS should be retained on the premises, and be bound over to keep the piece in the bills by being originally droll without imitating the other ARTHUR whose surname is ROBERTS. Among the public, the ladies admire Miss HUNTINGDON at the Prince of Wales's, and CELLIER's music at the Lyric.

After all, there is money in *Wealth* at the Haymarket. The rule nowadays seems to be that a first-night failure indicates a long run. If this is due to alterations made in consequence of judicious criticism, then criticism fulfils a most useful function. So Mr. BANCROFT, the Manager in retreat, is going to reappear in the striking part of the *Abbé* in the *Dead Heart*, whenever Mr. IRVING revives this old play at the Lyceum. *Abbé* thought!

Mr. WYNDHAM should seize the opportunity offered by this sudden tropical weather to give extra publicity to *Still Waters*, which paradoxically are "still running." He might advertise "still waters leed." The Criterion is quite the theatre for a thirsty soul, as there is plenty of excellent BEERE throughout the piece. Lots of other pieces have been recently brought out. But none of them with honours, except perhaps *Angelina*. The London Theatres ought to do well, as there is no big Exhibition to distract the public.

INSURANCE AND IRONY.—From evidence given to the House of Commons Committee on the working of the Friendly Society's Act, it appears that all the Coroners in England concur in condemning the system of Infant Life Insurance. Significant unanimity! Wouldn't the insurance of children's lives be in most cases more properly denominated death insurance?

ROBERT ON RATES.

WELL, I does my werry best to hunderstand the whole matter, but it's all in wain, but there's one pint as I does hunderstand, and that is, that year by year and amost month by month my rates seems for to be increasing at sitch a rate as fully justifies their rayther peculiar name. I'm told as how as a good deal of it is hoing to the change of government from the old Bored of Works with their Cole Dues and their Wine Dues, to the New County Counsel with their no Cole and Wine Dues and their perfectly staggering Rate of 2 and 8 pence three farthings in their pound. Well, now, I've bin a calculating it out on a Slate, till it's amost covered with figgers, and I finds as my Dues on Wine, witch I'm told it was ony a farthing a gallon, didn't cost me a single penny, and my Dues on Coles, which it was thirteen pence a Tun, cost me exactly 2 and tuppence a-year, while my hincressed Rates is just about ten shillings, so I at wunce, and without no hezzitation, shall wote for going back to the hold system and paying my farthing a gallon on all the wines as I buys, not on the wine as I drink, not by no means, for that wud be quite another pair of Shoes.



And then jist see what hairs the new Colleckters gives themselves. Mine called last week and I was bout, so in course I coodn't pay him, so he calls again to-day, and leaves word as he shan't call not no more! Werry kind I think it of him, till I learns as he'll have me up before the Magistrate if I don't pay dreeky! And the lordly Gent is ony at home twice a week, and then ony for a few ours.

What a blooming lot of Rates there is to be sure! First, there's the Poor Rate, not so werry poor neither, as it cums to 8d. in the pound for harf a year. Nex there's the County Counsel Rate, and that's 6d. in the pound; then cums the Police Rate, and that's 2d.; and then cums the Rate jist for lighting the Public Lamps, and a penny in the pound seems a good deal for that werry small matter; then cums a rate for the old Bored of Works, and that's 3d. Then bang goes 4d. for looking after the Streets, and another 4d. for the School Bored, and then a penny for repairing the Sewers, and another penny for the xpenes of the Westry, includin, I suppose, a nice little Westry Dinner now and then, and for that I most suttleny don't blame 'em; not a bit of it, speshally if they acts libberally to the Waiter, poor Feller!

I wonders what the good of Rates is. One generlly xpees in a free country to git sumthink for whatever money one has to pay, but what do I git here? It's werry diffrent in the case of Taxes. Wen I pays a Nincum Tax I pays it willingly, coz I gets a nincum for it. The same with the Ouse Tax—I has a ouse for it; and the same with the Property Tax—it gives me a nice little property; so I don't mind paying 'em. But what do I git for my Rates? Literally nothink; and so I naterally pays 'em with a grumbl. As to the owadacious County Counsel, as meets in a place as doesn't belong to 'em, and is in sitch a wonderful hurry to make new Rates that they won't even stop till we've had time for to pay the old ones, so that we're aashally asked to pay the two lots at the same time altogether at once, why, if they'd ony kindly wait till we've all had the hopper-toomty of telling 'em what we think of their wonderful hurry, they might lern sumthink as they woodn't like, so praps that's the reason why they won't.

It's all the fault of having werry rich men to make the Rates. What does a man with twenty or thirty thousand a year, or even with ony two thowsand a year, care about Rates? Why, nothink. He doesn't know, and praps doesn't care, what the amount is, and little knows how a poor Waiter is sumtimes trubbled to raise the money, speshally wen he's had a bad week or two, a waiting on a speshally shabby lot of stingy diners-out. We gets rayther more than usual of this kind of gent during the May Meetings, as they're called, for, strange to say, however singler it may seem, wot people calls wice is werry much more libberal than wot people calls wirtue. This is a suckemstance as is werry trying to us Waiters, as it reelly makes us, wen pertickler stumped up, and has our Rates to pay, greatly prefer the company of such jolly gents as frequents Richmond or Grinnidge with their fare partners, to those werry much soller and seriousser gents as has bin a spending the afternoon at Hexeter All.

Upon the whole I finishes by saying, as Rates is a conundrum as I don't quite hunderstand.

ROBERT.

"I DON'T profess to be much of a theologian," observed the DEAN of BROADCHURCH, "but when you ask me how the Church of England proves her belief in eternity, I should say by the practice of appointing 'Perpetual Curates.'"

BRAVO, POTTER!

[Bishop POTTER, of New York, in his Centennial Sermon commented on "the infinite swagger of American speech and manner, which mistook bigness for greatness, and sadly confounded gain and godliness."]

You reckon, Brother JONATHAN, that you can lick Creation;
You put on what in this old town's denominated "side";
You're certain in your inmost heart each antiquated nation
Of Europe looks with envy o'er the vast Atlantic tide.

You're quite the biggest thing on earth, you'd like to see a bigger;
You count your mighty millionaires by dozens at a time;
The first thing that you ask about a man is "What's his figger?"
And nothing except poverty is counted as a crime.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was great and good, and not for him the Caucus,
The blatant carpet-bagger and the democratic boss;
The partisans who howl for place with voices loud and raucous,
And try to grab their profit, though it be their country's loss.

Then purity of principle was held the State's sheet-anchor,
We never heard of lobbying, of dodges, or of "rings;"
Political corruption now has spread, a hideous canker,
Where'er the eagle that you boast has waved his mighty wings.

The swagger, says the Bishop, of your speech and of your manner,
Takes bigness to be greatness, confounds gain and godliness;
So let us have a single reef in that star-spangled banner,
And let Columbia put on a less obtrusive dress.

"MODUS OPERANDI."

Monday.—House brilliant again. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES present to hear *Faust*. Miss MCINTYRE looks the *McMargherita*, or Scotch-German MAGGIE, to perfection. She gives quite a "How-happy-could-I-be-with-heather" air (this is not sung, though, as GOUNOD might object) to the Opera. What was *Margaret's* surname? If she hadn't one, she couldn't



Big Mephistopheles and his Little Victims.

have changed it to *Faust*, even if she had been asked, which, except in decorous poet WILLS's play, she never was. MAGGIE MCINTYRE's rendering of the Jewel Song, and her un-acting edition of *Faust's* victim, just as delightful as it was last season. The little boy with the long Russian name, WINOGRADOFF, was mistaken by those who were not *au fait* with the Opera for SCALCHI as Siebel. There is a family resemblance when regarded from a back row of the stalls without using an opera-glass. But his name should be in keeping with his stature. Let him either be "WINO" or "GRADOFF," but not both together. "In *Wino Weritas*," so I'll stick to this abbreviated form, as he is a true singer, nothing false about him, I won't say nothing bass, as there must be always something low in a baritone. Of the Death Scene, *Valentine's* great chance, WINO did not make the most. But he will come out stronger next time, and DRURIOLANUS was quite justified in taking WINO for his *Valentine*. If Signor CASTEL (short for CASTELMARK, another long name) as a burly *Mephistopheles*, would give less of his time and attention to striking attitudes for a photograph, his performance would be more fiendishly satisfactory. To my mind he plays the deuce with *Mephistopheles*, which is quite different from being the very devil. His laugh, too, has in it more of the heartiness of the practical joker than the cynicism of the demon. The new *Faust*,



The Cap of Mephistopheles as reflected on a tree in the Lime-light Walk.

M. MONTARIOL, sang charmingly, but ought to have been more ardent with such a MAGGIE to inspire him. Clever little Madame BAUERMEISTER always makes *Martha* a merry and attractive little dame, who, on this occasion, fully appreciated the humour of trotting about arm-in-arm with the portly *Mephistopheles*. Everything else perfect; the Old Men's Chorus so especially good as well-nigh to revive the ancient enthusiasm.

Tuesday.—MARIE ROZE as *Carmen*. She can look, act, and sing it, and to do the two first of these is a good two-thirds of the battle. Never better than to-night. The simple MAGGIE MCINTYRE an admirable contrast to her as the peasant maid, who tries to reclaim



Marie Roze has set her face against the presentation-of-extravagant-bouquets system.

the enamoured "bould soger boy." F. DAN DRABDY MAJOR, who plays the *Toreador*, with which I was content O as usual, has brought his brother up to town for the season, and so DAN DRABDY MI. played *José*, and did it uncommonly well. Another good performance: the first week starts admirably. Organising Committee beaming.

Thursday.—*Traviata*. Splendid House. ELLA RUSSELL in great form, almost too great form for the consumptive heroine of the opera, yet at times reminding me of an amplified SARA BERNHARDT in her acting. DAN DRABDY MAJOR excellent as the "stern parent," and Signor TALAZAC appeared as his stout substantial son, a kind of Italian version of the impressionable *Josh Sedley* in *Vanity Fair* flattered by fascinating ELLA BECKI SHARPINI, who at one time seemed to me to be going to give a new turn to the old story by "mashing" flabby and impressionable *Alfredo's* good-looking and decidedly well-preserved parent. To-night I see that ALBANI is to appear on the same night that the Colonel announces the opening of the Hopposition. But DRURIOLANUS is first in the Garden. Melting moments for TALLER-ZAC, though he sang sweetly, though not powerfully; and touching was it to witness ELLA's deep affection for him. A big night for ELLA and DAN.

Saturday.—Another splendid audience. Performance of *Aida* more than satisfactory. "The Two DANCERS" (who must not be confused with "The Two MACS," also very clever artists, but quite in a different line) again taking a turn. Madame SCALCHI as good as ever in the character of the Egyptian Queen, but perhaps a trifle too white for a countrywoman of CLEOPATRA. Signor MIRANDA as "Il Re," no doubt to keep his consort in countenance, also more than fair. Madame VALDA rather heavy for *Aida*, but still most effective. The *mise-en-scène*, of course, splendid,—but this was to be expected under the rule of DRURIOLANUS. Standards in the triumphal procession in the Second Act full of quiet humour, but absolutely historically correct. Egyptians always partial to weird waggery. Instance in this very Opera, where *Radames* is locked in a cellar, and left to his fate, to the music of harps and the dancing of fan-bearers. Before and behind the Curtain equally brilliant. The week ends as it began with every prospect of a successful season. It is admitted on all sides that Covent Garden has not looked so much like its old self for years.

THE NEW ART BART.

HERE's to Sir Sculptor BOKHM—I was going to write a Poem, And having tried the Sacred

Nine, I find I scarce can write a line: The QUEEN, Sir B., I understand, Has given you an extra Hand—The Baronet's—('tis on the shield,

Or coat, or ground, or something "field"—

Those on this subject who lack knowledge

Can simply ask the Heralds' College;

But any way this Hand, my Bart, Does honour to your Head and Art.



A VENIAL TRESPASS.

Squire Bluenose. "NOW THEN, SIR! CAN'T YOU READ? DIDN'T YOU OBSERVE THAT THIS ROAD IS PRIVATE?"
 Edwin. "A—M—YES! TO TELL YOU THE HONEST TRUTH, THAT'S EXACTLY WHY WE CAME HERE!"

A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

A Historical Parallel. (From Paddy's Point of View.)

OCH! shure, a laygend ould historians ye 'll find tellin',
 Of the year twelve eighty-four, after they 'd slain LLEWELLYN,
 Of the trick that EDWARD LONGSHANKS the Welshmen played, in
 state, on.

(If ye know your Poly-Olbon, ye 'll find it tould by DRATTON.)

"Through every part of Wales he to the Nobles sent,
 That they unto his Court should come incontinent,
 Of things that much concern'd the country to debate;
 But now behold the power of unavowed fate!"

When thus unto his will he flly them had won,
 At her expected hour the Queen brought forth a son—
 Young EDWARD, born in Wales, and of Caernarvon called,
 Thus by the English craft the Britons were enthralled."

Faiz, bhoys, I see it now—that smart gossoon, King EDWARD,
 All in his royal arrums and ermine going bedward,
 And bringing forth the babe, all native claims thus squelching,
 And, lifting it on hoigh, the Welshers natelly welshing.

Well, history, they say, repates itself. By jabers!
 Thim Saxons would serve us as once they did our naybours.
 In hopes O'MULLIGANS, FITEPATRICKS, and McHAPPIES

Will take their cradle-thrick as mildly as thim TAFFY.
 Hillaloo! The Prince of WHALES has gumption, and I 'll vinture he
 Remembers that we 're not now in the Thirteenth Century.

Clane out the Castle? Yes! Wid that scheme we 'll not wrastle;
 But, BULL, don't substitute a brand-new Blarney Castle!
 Black CHOMWELL burned the ould one, as Father PROUT informs us;

But though we PATR brave hate, a little love soon warms us.
 The Sassanachs seem findin' the way to Erin's heart, bhoys,
 They won't find it so long when once they make a start, bhoys.

But though we relish blarney, we can't abide sheer bunkum,
 Our hopes full oft have risen, but Party spite soon sunk 'em
 In doubt's black bog again. The Castle gang demolish?

The Lord Liffenant sack, and his ould post abolish?
 Och shure, it seems too good! We'd gladly give free lodgins
 To Prince or Royal Duke—if there's no artful dodgins!

Sly LONGSHANKS long ago wid Cambria played a game—
 What if—say BATTENBERG—should contemplate the same?
 PAT, give him a fair chance, will prove himself right loyal;
 But—ye can't heal ould wounds with mere soft soap—though Royal!

TO WHOM IT CONCERNS.

(Little Suggestive Comedy of the day.)

SCENE.—A Fashionable West-End drawing-room. The hostess
 being anxious to provide for the "entertainment" of her guests
 in a remarkable manner, has secured the services of a noted
 Popular Foreign Entertainer.

Popular Foreign Entertainer (concluding a risky recitation, of
 a highly spiced character). Et Sapristi! Houp-là!—Voilà la fin
 de Madame la Duchesse!

First English Miss (in raptures). Oh, isn't it delightful?

Second English Miss. It's quite too lovely!

Third English Miss. So awfully funny too!

Fourth English Miss. Oh! it's perfectly killing! Did you under-
 stand it all?

First, Second, and Third English Misses (in chorus). Oh, every
 word of it!

[But they didn't, of course. Had they, they would have hid their
 diminished heads for very shame at being suspected of taking in
 the meaning of even a single sentence. So Mr. Punch, who
 looks on at the above, shakes his head, and asks those who do
 understand it, whether they think they are quite right in pro-
 viding their defenceless guests with "Entertainment" of this sort.]

TROPICAL WEATHER.—Muzzle the dogs by all means, but what is
 to be done with the hatters? Does the proverb, "Mad as a hatter,"
 exist in any country besides our own? Perhaps Mr. JOSEPH KNIGHT
 of Notes and Queries will help us to solve the difficulty.

A VERY MUCH OVER-RATED PLACE.—London, under the County
 Council.



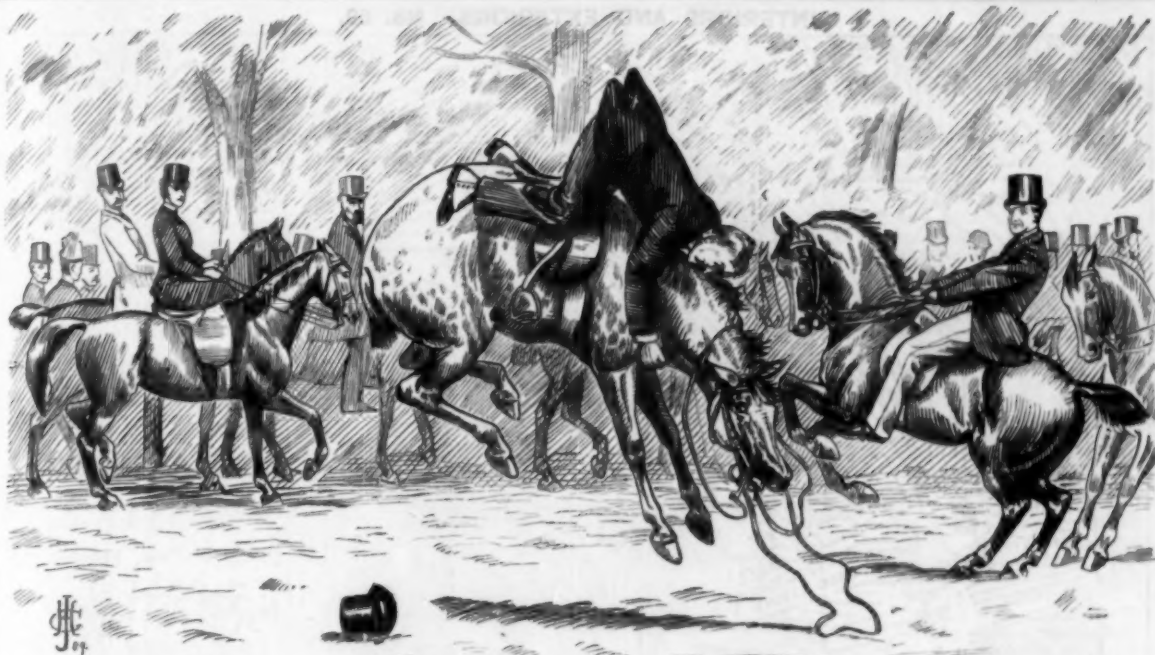
A DIFFICULTY SOLVED.

PRINCE HENRY OF BATTENBERG PRESENTING THE FUTURE VICEROY TO THE LOYAL PEOPLE OF IRELAND—SUGGESTED AS AN HISTORICAL PARALLEL.



THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.



HIS BARGAIN.

LITTLE JONES PICKED UP A WONDERFULLY SMART HACK, FOR AN ABSURDLY LOW PRICE, AT A RECENT AUCTION. THIS IS HIS FIRST APPEARANCE IN THE PARK. HE NOW LEARNS THE ANIMAL FORMERLY BELONGED TO BUFFALO BILL'S CIRCUS.

THE (COUNTY COUNCIL) PARADISE AND THE (LIBERAL) PERI.

A Moore-ish Legend modernised.

At three a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listened to the springs
Of talk within in torrents flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
Through the half-opened portal glowing,
She sighed to think her subject race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place.
"How happy," exclaimed this outcast fair,
"Are the many male members who wrangle
there,
'Midst flowers (of speech) that freely fall;
Though I of the School Board now am free,
And parochial portals open for me,
The County Council were worth them all!
Though sweet an 'At Home' graced by
Gladstone oration,
Of the Women's Liberal Federation,
In the Grosvenor or the Memorial Hall;
Though dear are the platforms your sweet
tones haunt,
MRS. OSCAR WILDE, MRS. ORMESTON CHANT,
Let the Earl of MEATH make it clear—I
can't—
How the County Council outshines them
It is very hard that the Dames who intrigue
For that Tory Aidenn, the Primrose League,
Are praised and petted by Prince and Peer,
Whilst I'm forbidden free entrance here.
Backstairs influence well may gain
The *entrée* to loftiest Habitation;
But here I linger and long in vain
For a seat within, which to attain
Is the goal of she-Liberals' emulation.
'Tis the goal which my womanly heart was
fixt on;
I hoped by the aid of suburban Brixton,
With male monopoly proudly to cope;

And now an outcast I sadly stand,
Foiled by that bogey, the Law of the Land,
Driven to despair by false (BERESFORD)
HOPE!

If only I'd stray on the Primrose Path
(As many Partisan Peri hath)
Society's scorn, and the *Saturday's* wrath
Might be diverted from my poor head;
But now, my mad and unmodish crimes
Are mocked by the *Post* and denounced by
the *Times*,
And ostracism's my daily dread.
Mean race of men, your monopolist spirit
Still, still would hold our sex in thrall!
Some show of freedom we now inherit,
But the trail of 'Subjection' is over them
all!"

The smooth-faced Angel who was keeping
The C. C. doors beheld her weeping;
And, as he nearer drew, and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
From patriot fountains, when 'tis pearl'd
On Beakey's blossom, which—Tories say—
Blows nowhere but in Primrose-World.

"Nymph of a fair but luckless line!"
ROSEBURY said—"one hope is thine.
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
The Peri yet may be admitted
Who brings unto this C. C. gate
The Earl of MEATH's Bill—passed!
You're pitied
E'en by the Tories. When you win,
I shall be proud to let you in!"

ANTI-TOWER-OF-BABEL BILL.—Mr.
Punch wishes every success to Mr. WHIT-
MORE's Bill for restricting the height of folly
in building. May Parliament be inspired by
its ancient lights of wisdom, and the Bill
soon become an Act.

SHAKSPEARIAN.

WHAT the dear children—who of course are
educated up to the *Hamlet* standard—say to
hard-hearted mothers when they hear Dr.
BARNARDO has made an offer,—"*BARNARDO!*
Ma' sell us!" If they're very dear children,
they are likely to be too much for Dr. BAR-
NARDO. We suppose we've not heard the
last about the "*Barnardo Homes*." "*Homes*"
is a nice word. If Mr. MATTHEWS were any-
thing but the Not-at-Homes-Secretary, he
would look into the matter at once.

FIRST-RATE;

Or, Ten of One and Half-a-dozen of the Other.

IN Parliament young Mr. LAWSON—
Learned in facts as in Greek PORSON—
Assures us that our L. C. C.
Keeps watchful eye on L. S. D.
But, with much vigour, Mr. BAUMANN
Leaps from his seat, exclaiming, "*How, Man,*
Can you make statements rash and heady,
When up the rates have gone already
By fivepence in the blessed *su'v'rin*?"
Then Mr. LAWSON, on recov'rin'
From this remark, says, with effusion,
"It's all an optical illusion!
Over ten months the '*Precept*' ranges,
And thus the half-year's rate deranges."
Whereto sneers BAUMANN, "*At this rate*
We shall regret the '*Perks*' its fate."

Moral.

Even if our rates are now abating,
There seems to be increase of rating!

EPITGRAMMATIC.—A cynical Tragedian
writes thus:—"At the Haymarket Theatre
only one stage-direction is necessary for any
scene in any play, and that is, '*Centre, a Tree.*'"

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 69.



The Fancy Fair Season. Why not have a Parliamentary One in Westminster Hall?

A BALLAD OF SALAD.

I CANNOT eat the red, red rose,
I cannot eat the white;
In vain the long laburnum glows,
Vain the camellia's waxen snows,
The lily's cream of light.

The lilac's clustered chalice
Proffer their bounty sweet
In vain! Though very good for
bees,
Man, with unstinted yearning sees,
Admires, but cannot eat.

Give me the lettuce that has cool'd
Its heart in the rich earth,
Till every joyous leaf is school'd
To crisply-crinkled mirth.

Give me the mustard and the cress,
Whose glistening stalklets stand
As silver-white as nymphs by
night
Upon the moonlit strand;

The winking radish, round and red,
That like a ruby shines;
And the faint blessing, onion-shed,
Whene'er LUCULLUS dines.

The wayward endive's curling
head,
Cool cucumber sliced small,
And let the imperial beet-root
spread
Her purple over all.

Though shrinking poets still prefer
The common floral fashions,
With buds and blossoms hymn
their Her,
These vegetable loves would stir
A flint-heart's mineral passions!

"A WHITE LIE."—MR. GRUN-
DR's latest piece is the best he has
ever written!

MR. PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.



"THE WOLFF AT THE DOOR."

[SIR DRUMMOND has returned from Persia.]

OUTSIDE THE GLOBE.

Warm Admirer. MANFIELD is going to take off *Richard the Third*.

Less Warm Ditto. "Going to"! Why, he's been doing it for the last two or three months.

Warm Admirer. I mean he is going to withdraw *Richard* from the Globe—

Less Warm One (interrupting). And RICHARD M. will be himself again. Yes—proceed, sweet warbler.

Warm Admirer (continuing). Because, as the *Observer* observed, "he finds the heat too trying." Yet it was a success.

Less Warm One. Clearly it isn't a frost, or else he might advertise the Globe as "the coolest theatre in London." Is it the rise of temperature that has affected RICHARD's theatrical thermometer, and which shows that the place has become too hot to hold him?

JOKER'S DIARY.—(Note By Joe Miller, Junior, for July.—) SHAH coming. Must look up all my old wheezes about *Shah* and *chat*. *Shah* and *P' shah*! Riddle about *Char-a-banc*. Another about *Char-i-vari*, *Char-cutier*, &c. Work these up and get good names to them. Can dine out for a week.

FOREIGN AND DRAMATIC.—Berlin. In the evening of the reception of King HUMBERT by the German Emperor and Empress, there was "a family state dinner of 140 covers." What a nice little family party! "Pernicious Snug," as Mr. Folair remarked to *Nicholas Nickleby*.

WHAT THEY'RE DOING WITH HIM.

THE VERY LATEST CANARDS.

We hear that the Directors of the General Omnibus Company have notified to the General their unanimous resolution to give him a lift, whenever he may desire to avail himself of that means of locomotion, in any of their vehicles, free of charge. On this having been intimated to the General, he is said to have expressed much satisfaction at the proposal.

The General, we understand, yesterday morning accorded an interview to several influential Music Hall Proprietors, anxious to secure his services as a feature in the programme of their respective entertainments. The terms of each varied in some slight particulars, but the leading idea of all seemed to be the appearance of the General in one or more costumes, with or without a comic song, but, if possible, with a grotesque dance, or some other striking gymnastic feat performed to the accompaniment of a taking refrain. On the nature of their respective propositions being explained to him, the General manifested an evident interest, and after expressing himself as much gratified at their offers, intimated that he would leave the question of their acceptance in the hands of his "Committee."

It is understood that the General has been offered, and has accepted, the Presidency at the Annual Dinner to be held at Wapping on the 19th proximo, in Aid of the Decayed Bathing-women's Grandmothers' Association.

It is reported that a well known Caterer for Public Amusement has in contemplation proposing to the General an extended provincial tour, on advantageous terms, with a first-class Travelling Circus, the General to contribute to the performance a comic scene with a highly-trained elephant, from whose back he would eventually be expected to jump through three paper moons, coloured respectively blue, white, and red, as indicative of the National Flag of France. It is contemplated that when the scheme is fully explained to the General he will entertain it with every expression of gratification.

We hear that this morning an influential deputation from Westbourne Grove called on the General for the purpose of securing his

presence at a "small and early" organised in the neighbourhood with a view to introducing him to "the nobility and gentry" of Bayswater. On the object of their visit being made clear to him, the General who smiled most graciously at the deputation, expressed his gratification at the honour they proposed to pay him, and intimated that he would leave the matter in the hands of his "Committee."

It is rumoured that on the 9th, 17th, and 23rd prox., respectively, the General will open the Cabmen's Shelter at Hackney, lay the foundation stone of the new Cemetery at Tooting, and preside at the Inauguration of the Bazaar in aid of the Funds of the Consumptive Pastrycooks' Orphan Asylum at Houndsditch. It is also further stated that not only on these days, but on all others, the General's time is already fully taken up with prospective engagements. On this having been pointed out to him, the General is said to have contemplated the circumstance with every manifestation of the very liveliest satisfaction.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday Night, May 20.—The NOBLE BARON had little surprise in store for Opposition to-night. Comforted themselves with conviction that Sugar Convention dead, and only awaiting convenient opportunity for burial. But NOBLE BARON comes up smiling, with an All-a-blowin'-and-a-growin' air. Convention been signed by seven out of the eight great Bounty-giving Powers, he observes; accepted in principle by eighth; and Her Majesty's Government fully alive to importance of maintaining it.

"Quite a resurrection party," says WILFRID LAWSON. Never suspected the NOBLE BARON of such fund of quiet humour; fancy LYON PLAYFAIR put him up to this; got a tremendous convincing speech ready to move Rejection of Bill on Second Reading; if Bill's dropped, what's to become of speech? But if the BARON can be lured on to stand by his Bill, PLAYFAIR will get off his oration. "There are wheels within wheels," as the little boy said when he fell into the works of the windmill.

Debate on Naval Defence Bill set in with accustomed severity. Thought it was all settled on Second Reading; broke out again in Committee; now begins again on Third Reading. Members who could not catch SPEAKER's eye on earlier stages, now grab at it. Members stand it well enough till half-past seven; after that, patience breaks down. ILLINGWORTH, rising at twenty minutes to Eight to continue talk, uproar burst forth in deafening shouts for Division. AIRD moved Closure; SPEAKER took no notice.

"Yet he must have AIRD him," said CHARLIE BERSFORD, who had made his speech, and was getting hungry.

WILFRED LAWSON followed ILLINGWORTH; heartrending groans from famished Members; LAWSON talked on. Eight o'clock struck; ten minutes past; dinner spoiled in three hundred desolate homes. Howls increase; WILFRED immovable.

"They'll only drink wine and cherry brandy," he said, "if I let 'em off. Better stop here few minutes longer."

Quarter past eight; division called; ten minutes later three hundred hungry men racing downstairs, and Palace Yard resonant with the tramp of the sympathetic cab-horse and the roll of the wheels of the hurrying brougham.

Business done.—House "kept in" over dinner-hour. Third Reading of Naval Defence Bill carried by 183 votes against 101.

Tuesday.—Buzzing round Sugar Convention again; HARCOURT quite in high spirits. Looked up lot of questions he was going to ask, when what now appears to have been premature announcement of demise made; fires them off at Treasury Bench. GLADSTONE backs him up. HICKS-BEACH throws himself into breach; stands fire for ten minutes. Didn't make very much of him; hasn't the unique, benevolent simplicity of OLD MORALITY, off which obijuration, reproach, and abuse run as harmlessly as water off duck's back.

"The worst of OLD MORALITY is," HARCOURT says, "that one gets so little for one's pains. Blows that would pulverise another man haven't slightest effect on his imperturbable ingenuousness. It's like doubling up your fists and hammering a feather-bed. Feather-bed shaken up, and two minutes later presents precisely same placid, benevolent, inviting appearance as it did before you wore yourself out upon it."

Less of the feather-bed about HICKS-BEACH at question time; but result not much more satisfactory to assailant. "I must beg for an answer from some member of the Government," HARCOURT blusters.

"The answer of the Government is," said MICHAEL-ANGELO BEACH, "that we do not consider it consistent with our duty and the interests of the public service to give the Right Hon. Gentleman the information he wants."

HARCOURT persisted; GLADSTONE pounded away; MICHAEL-ANGELO, leaning confidentially on the box, fired his last shot.

"I must decline," he said "to answer hypothetical questions." HARCOURT not having any other kind ready at moment, performance terminated.

Later, JOSEPH GILLIS appeared on scene, a rare delight in these days. National Debt Bill on for Third Reading. HARCOURT up again, dropping big tears over GOSCHEN's unfaithfulness to memory and principles of STAFFORD NORTHCOLE. Destroyed two great works of his financial life—Cheap Sugar, and Scheme for Rejection of National Debt. HARCOURT could scarcely control his emotion. Others joined in. JOKEIM, temporarily laying aside cap-and-bells, earnestly pleaded his innocence. Then JOSEPH GILLIS appeared with outstretched hand that instantly stilled tumult of controversy, and left him the centre of a listening Senate. If you'd given your mind to it, might have heard a pin drop, as JOEY B., with gaze sternly fixed on prostrated CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, chanted forth his notes of regret, attuned more to sorrow than anger, that there should be a Government capable within the space of fifteen years of having twice attacked financial principles of his late Right Hon. friend, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOLE.

HARCOURT had said these very things, and had, indeed, the advantage of uttering them first. But JOSEPH GILLIS, unconsciously imitating sweep of HARCOURT's arm as he delivered with Hareourtian ponderosity the very sentiments he had heard delivered a couple of hours earlier, was much more effective than the original. JOKEIM, listening to HARCOURT, from time to time scornfully smiled and defiantly shook his head. But when JOEY B. delivered same lofty

sentiments, expounded identical principles of financial purity, JOKEIM's guilty head sank on his alarmed breast, he folded his trembling arms, and vainly tried to shut out with closed eyelids the spectacle of the terrible accuser. *Business done.*—Budget Bill agreed to.

Wednesday.—London Coal Dues under discussion. PEASE, wants to abolish them. Press heavily upon the poor. FOWLER (Alderman) shows, on contrary, that prosperity of London is derived entirely from regular exaction of Coal Dues. To this source is due Holborn Viaduct, Thames Embankment, Polytechnic, Tower of London, and Underground Sewage. If old Charters of London are to be abolished, then New Zealander better at once apply to COOK's agent for ticket for London Bridge. FIETH, urged by momentous subject to unusual flights of eloquence, expresses desire that ancient Charters of London may "remain in the womb of the past." BAUMANN makes clever speech in moving rejection of Bill; but RITCHIE runs amuck at Dues. OLD MORALITY proposes compromise, and Bill read a Second Time by 264 votes against 104.

Thursday.—Scotland's turn at last. Ireland we have always with us; England gets an opportunity occasionally; Gallant Little Wales had evening and morning sitting in succession last week. Now SANDY takes the floor; all the blue bonnets are over the border; Westminster echoing with Scotch "All a-blowin' and a-growin'." accent; the wail of the pibroch heard in distant corridor; haggis figures prominently in menu in dining-room. JACOBY, arrayed in lightest summer suit, perambulates lobby. Smiles beamingly an all Scotch Members.

"We'll hae a gude diversion the night, I'm thinkin', Dr. FARQUHARSON," he said, just now to Member for West Aberdeen.

That not his usual way of speaking; but JACOBY a born Whip. Knows how to get at the heart of a man. Only with greatest difficulty his colleague, PHILIP STANHOPE, prevented his coming down to-night in kilt.

"It would fetch them," he said; "I'm sure Scotch very susceptible on national matters. Would like a little delicate attention like the kilts."

STANHOPE said, No; thought they'd better not try it yet. JACOBY, not permitted to don Highland garb, put on what he believed to be Scottish accent; whistled "Scots wha hae" as GEORGE CAMPBELL passed him; asked BUCHANAN to lend him copy of "Meg Merrilees," which he believes is one of SCOTT's novels. Wonderfully enthusiastic man in his new vocation!

Business done.—Debate on Scotch Local Government Bill.

Friday Night.—A melancholy day. At morning sitting, Scotch Local Government Bill; in the evening, PICKERSGILL on Penal Sentences. Prevailing dullness momentarily varied by interesting story told by MATTHEWS, of How They Went to the Prize Fight at Mossley. Seems "Fancy" had themselves packed up in covered furniture-van. Police placidly watched ponderous vehicles passing along highway; never suspected anything, though on qui vive to stop fight. When furniture-van—"Taking-all-Risks"—arrived at selected spot, unpacked, and "the furniture" went at it undisturbed. *Business done.*—Much talk.

It is the fashion, as a matter of business, for the Managers of seaside Hotels to telegraph up to town, daily, informing intending visitors of the state of the weather, *chez eux*. One sends up, "Dull morning, warm. Glass steady." Glad to hear it—it's better than, "Dull morning, dry. Hand shaky."



Michael-Angelo.



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